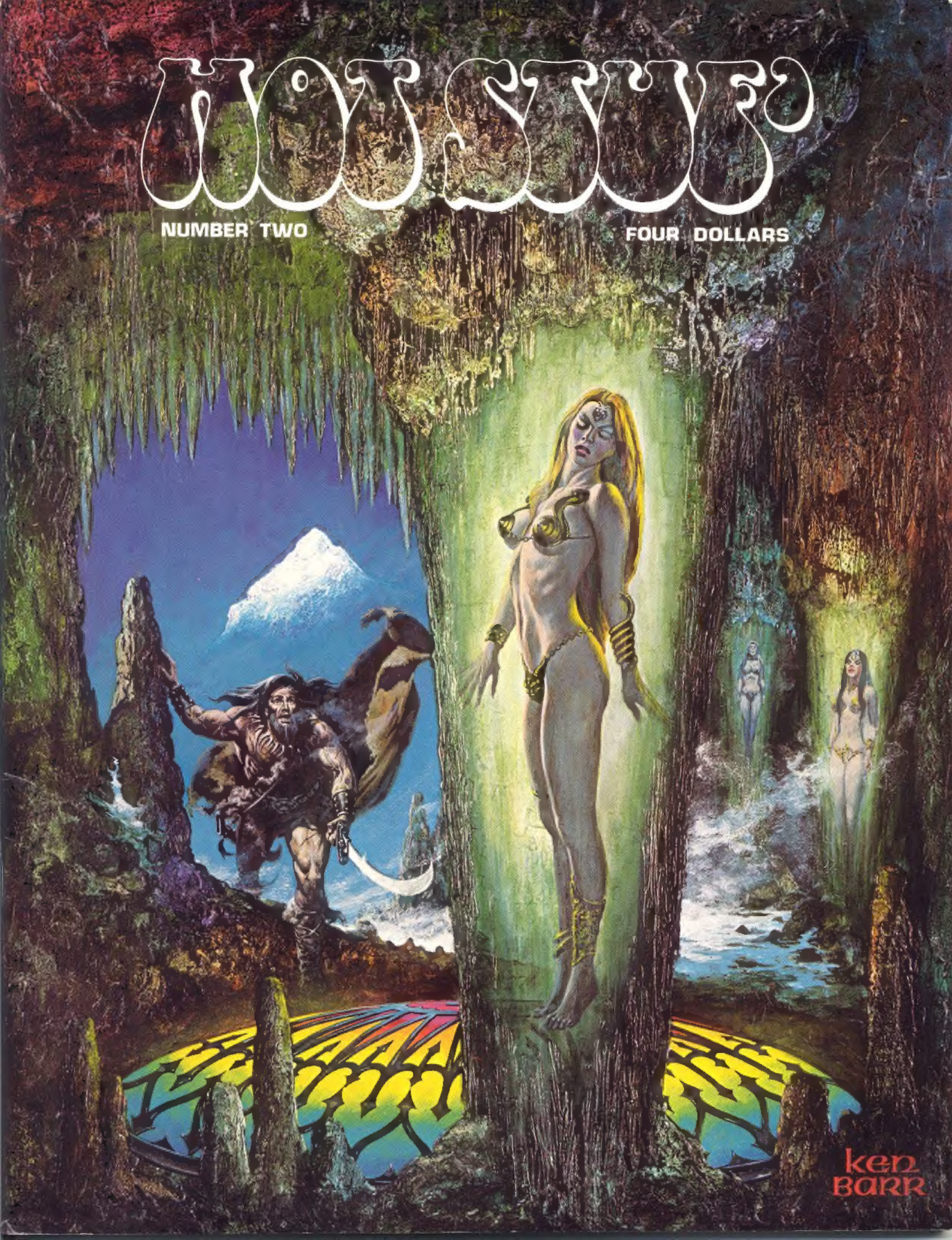


# WOSSTUS

NUMBER TWO

FOUR DOLLARS



ken  
BARR



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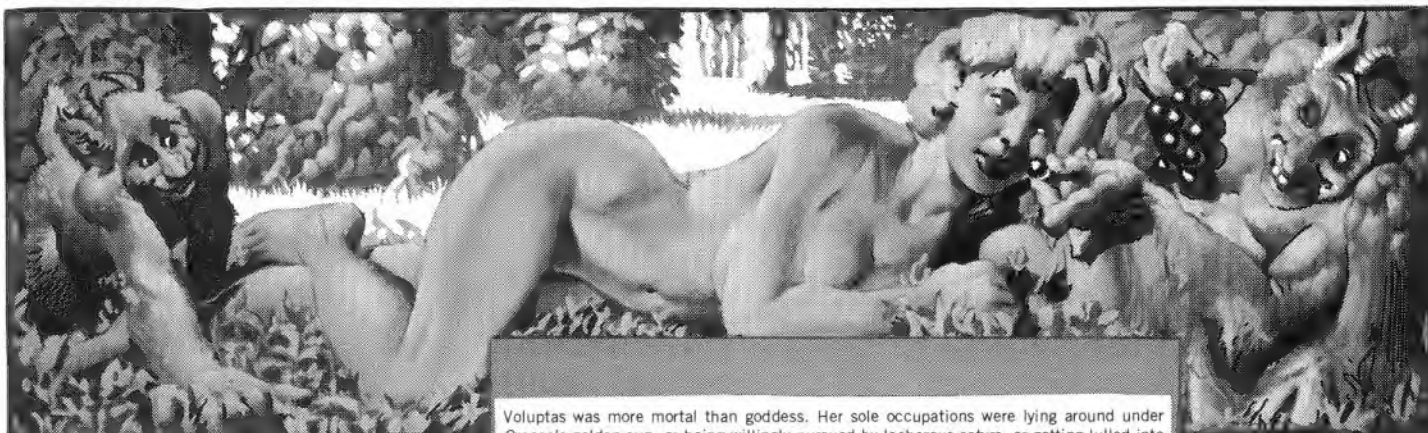
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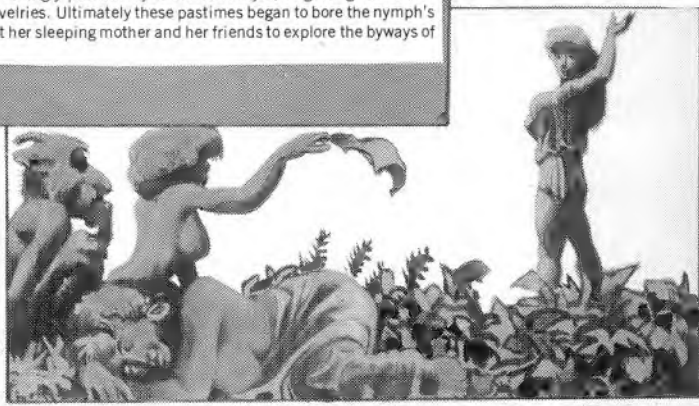


# VOLUPTAS

The legend is told by the poets of Greece that Voluptas sprang from the union of the god Somnus and an Arcadian nymph. However, being the lover of Somnus is rather dreary, as anyone touched by him falls asleep. They only had one child.



Voluptas was more mortal than goddess. Her sole occupations were lying around under Greece's golden sun, or being willingly pursued by lecherous satyrs, or getting lulled into inebriation amongst Bacchic revelries. Ultimately these pastimes began to bore the nymph's ambitious nature and so she left her sleeping mother and her friends to explore the byways of mother Greece.



Now nymphs have no need for traveling paraphernalia, so such things were scarce in her neighborhood. But then she came upon some mortals. Before her was the magnificent champion, Picus, pride of Greece, great of strength in both battle and love.



Voluptas had no hesitation about asking for her needs outright. These mortals after all should pay homage to her supernatural lineage by giving her these accoutrements.

Shocked by the audacity of this statuesque, though impetuous girl, Picus haughtily replied —

Okay boys,  
Never mind the bows.  
I'll have one each of  
your weapons and your  
swiftest team.

What can you do with men's arms!  
You would only do harm  
to yourself!

I can better  
you or your captains  
Picus at any art  
you devise!

Ha - Ha

Picus thereafter challenged the girl to beat his captains in the use of weaponry. Not only did she best his captains, but Picus himself in horsemanship, javelin, archery and even swordplay, all to Picus's painfully eroded pride.

Not to be outdone by a mere girl, Picus played his wit against her.

Picus's captains needed no prompting.

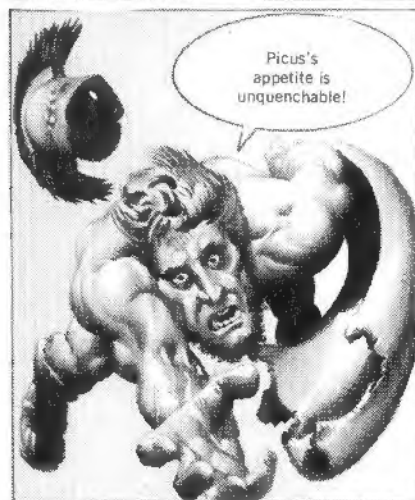
Ah, you've proved yourself  
well in the martial arts, child,  
but one has to be equally  
learned in the other softer  
skills of Amour. A pleasant  
balance should be  
maintained between  
the two.

Voluptas knew whereof Picus spoke and was inclined, and sometimes inclined to agree, . . . not to mention the many other positions with which she was familiar.

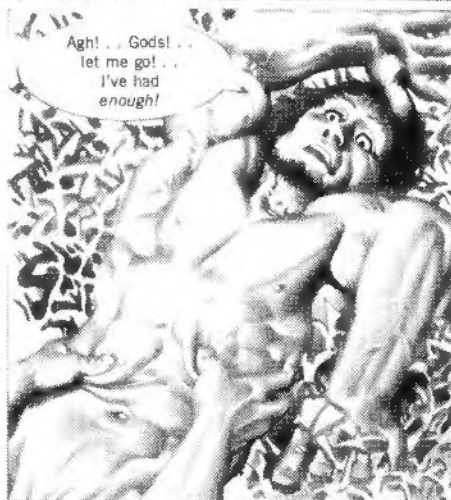
I was wondering when  
you'd bring that up!  
That's something I'm  
really good at!



The champion hoped to reap reward from Voluptas' amiable person and leave her exhausted after the contest with nothing. Alas, events transpired contrary to his predictions.



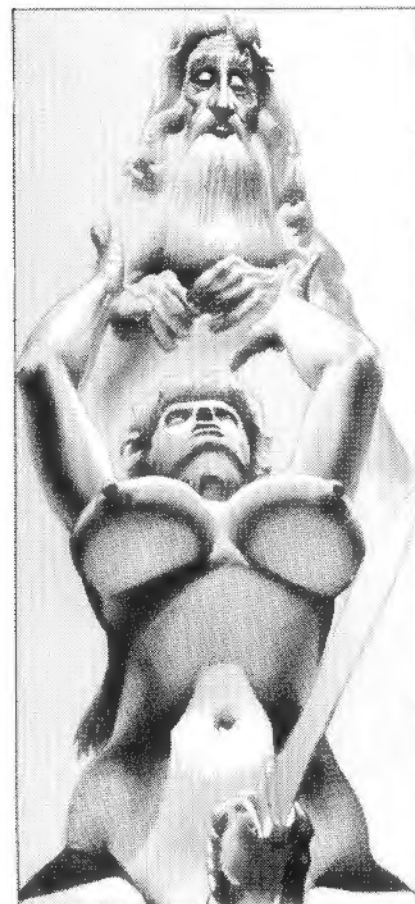
**SMOOTH!**



As Voluptas's passion showed no sign of cooling, despite Picus's anguished pleas, he desperately decided a visual argument would be more persuasive.



Being thus cheated of just one more climactic reward and now in fear of injury, Voluptas called upon her father Somnus, for help.



Somnus always worked his magic.



Satisfied, at least a few times, Voluptas garnered the spoils and drove off, ready for more adventures, leaving behind Greece's best, bested.



For his sacrilege Picus suffered an awful fate. When he awoke his male member remained asleep, always. Thus Picus was crushed and lost all interest in manly and martial pursuits.



A Phoenician has said Picus has now become a legend, singing amongst song girls of the imperial court as his voice is now airier. And Voluptas, he said, is making one conquest after another, becoming quite a legend herself.



# ORION

ORION'S WORLD IS NOT OUR WORLD BUT ONE OF WHICH THE STUFF OF FANTASIES AND LEGENDS ARE MADE. HIS ENEMIES AND CONFLICTS ARE WROUGHT OF DEMONS AND SORCERIES, MORE PALPABLE HERE THAN COMPETITORS OR TENSION AND FRUSTRATION. HERE POWERFUL DARK GODS COMMAND MEN'S OBEISANCE AND MAGIC THEIR BELIEFS. THE SECRETS OF SCIENCE ARE PRIVY TO BUT A FEW..... AND EVERYONE KNOWS THEY ARE QUITE MAD.



Copyright © 1975 Gray Morrow.

ORION'S NEVER-ENDING QUEST FOR THE SEVEN PORTALS TO THE SEVEN BRIDGES TO THE SEVEN STARS TO WHICH HIS FABULOUS SWORD **THORBOLT** IS THE KEY BRINGS HIM TO ISHANDRIA AND THE RED HORSE INN... (A MYTHICAL BEAST TO ISHANDRIANS.)

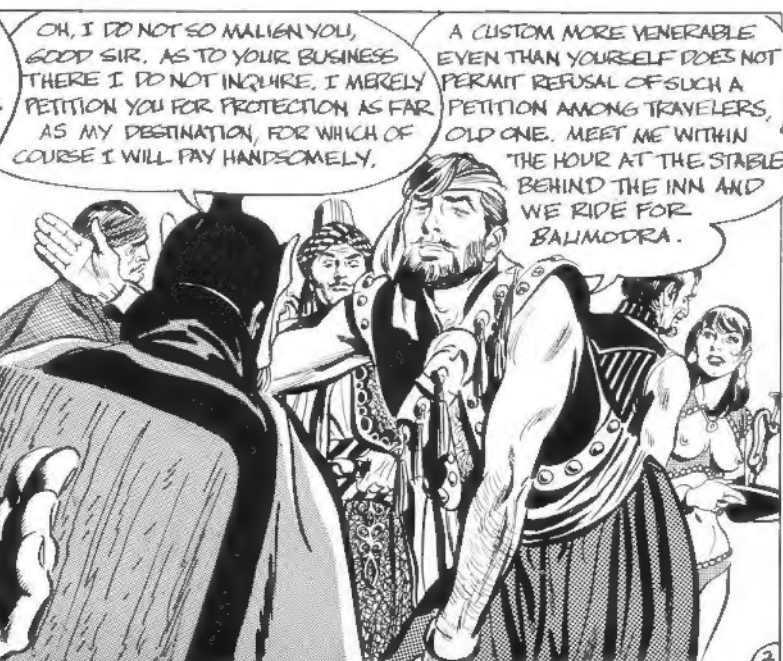
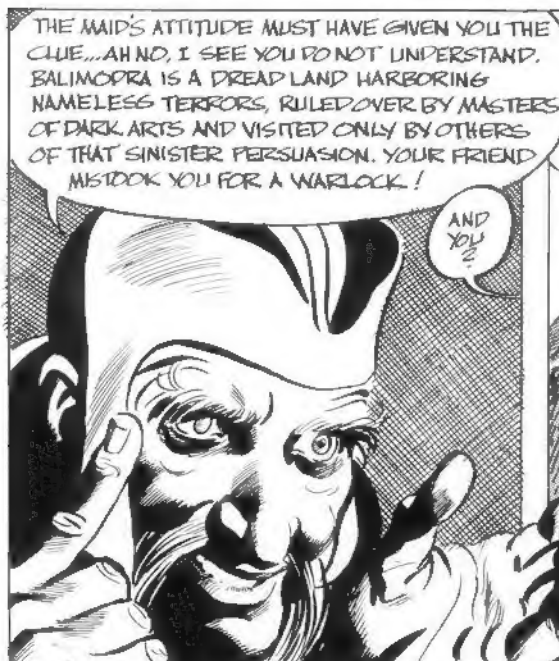
THE STORIES OF YOUR TRAVELS ARE ALL LIES OF COURSE, ORION. BUT MARVELOUS LIES, NONETHELESS. WILL YOU GO FROM HERE BREAKING MY POOR HEART?

YOUR LIES ARE PRETIER YET THAN MINE, ASRA. THOUGH I'D MUCH LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU'D BE JUST A LITTLE SAD TO SEE ME GO, WHEN I LEAVE FOR **BALIMODRA** TONIGHT.



CHAPTER I

GRAY MORROW





SOMETIME LATER, AS ORION HEADS FOR THE STABLES AND HIS APPOINTMENT WITH LAMONTHOS....

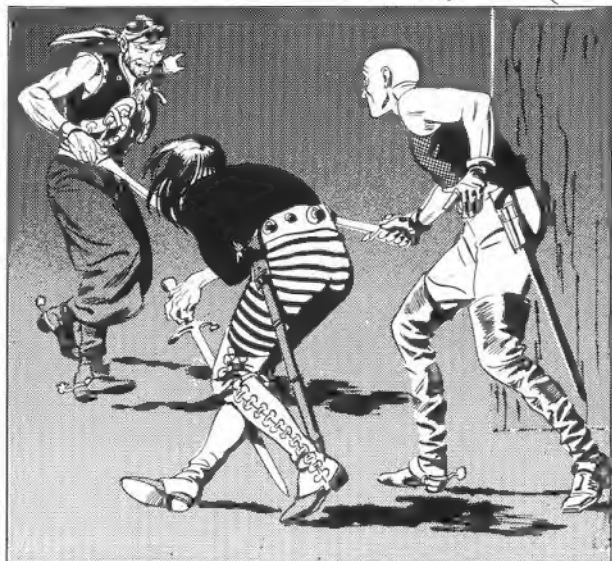
ORION BEWARE!  
IT'S A TRAP!!



FROM APPARENTLY INNOCENT SHADOWS MENACING FORMS SUDDENLY MATERIALIZE. AS ORION UNSHEATHES THORBOLT A BROODING RUMBLE AS OF DISTANT THUNDER CRACKLES ACROSS THE ELECTRIC TENSION, CAUSING THE ATTACKERS TO FAULSE INVOLUNTARILY, SOMEHOW LESS CONFIDENT NOW OF THEIR PREY.



THEN THE FLICKERING SHIMMERING STAB OF SUMMER LIGHTNING ENGAGES STEEL AND THE BATTLE IS JOINED.



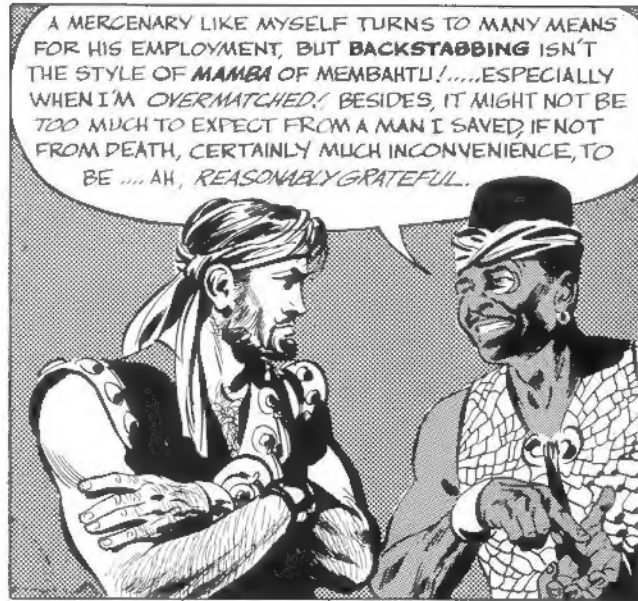
COLD STEEL PROVES TO BE NO MATCH FOR THE FLAMING BLADE OF ORION AND THE REMAINING ASSAILANTS, UNMANNED BY THEIR FRIGHT, BOLT IN ABJECT TERROR.





YOUR WARNING WAS TIMELY AND DRAMATIC, MY FRIEND. ALMOST AS IF IT WERE...  
...CONTRIVED.

PEACE, ORION! WHAT A SUSPICIOUS MAN YOU ARE! NOT WITHOUT SOME JUSTIFICATION, HOWEVER, MY WARNING OF THE SKULKERS WASN'T MERE HAPPENSTANCE. I WAS HIRED SAME AS THEY TO WAYLAY YOU BUT I'D HEARD OF YOU AND THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OF YOUR BLADE, ...MY FORMER COMPANIONS HAD NOT!



A MERCENARY LIKE MYSELF TURNS TO MANY MEANS FOR HIS EMPLOYMENT, BUT BACKSTABBING ISN'T THE STYLE OF MAMBA OF MEMBARTU!....ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M OVERMATCHED! BESIDES, IT MIGHT NOT BE TOO MUCH TO EXPECT FROM A MAN I SAVED, IF NOT FROM DEATH, CERTAINLY MUCH INCONVENIENCE, TO BE ...AH, REASONABLY GRATEFUL.



YOU DON'T MISS A TRICK MAMBA. THE NAME OF YOUR PREVIOUS EMPLOYER MAY INCREASE MY GENEROSITY.

AH...THE OLD MAN WHO PETITIONED FOR YOUR PROTECTION AT THE INN.

AND THE REASON FOR THE ATTACK?

HE COVETS YOUR MAGIC BLADE.



THEN PERHAPS HE IS HIMSELF ONE OF THOSE HE PRETENDED TO WARN ME OF.

WHICH IS...?



A SORCERER!

AY YIII... WAIT!



WELL NOW THAT YOU'VE COLLECTED ONCE TO TAKE MY LIFE AND ONCE TO SAVE IT YOU OUGHT TO BE A TWICE-HAPPY MAN

I'LL BE A **THRICE** HAPPY ONE TO PUT SOME MILES BETWEEN ME AND THAT SORCERER. THEY HAVE UNPLEASANTLY IMAGINATIVE WAYS OF REPAYING A BAD TURN!

WELL GOOD LUCK AND—

**HOLD!**

AH MY DEAR ORION CAN IT BE THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN OUR AGREEMENT, SIR?

YOU'VE VOIDED ANY CONTRACT BETWEEN US! ONE STAND ASIDE!

AS LAMONTHOS GESTURES ORION LEAPS HIS MOUNT AND THE BEAST LEAPS, CLAWS FLAILING

AH ME IT APPEARS THIS SCURRILOUS RASCAL HAS POISONED YOUR MIND AGAINST ME. DEFENDABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO GET THESE DAYS. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS!

THE RENDING TALONS SHRED HARMLESS PLUMES OF SMOKE AS LAMONTHOS MAKES A HASTY AND UNCONVENTIONAL EXIT



ORION AND MAMBA PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THE SCENE OF THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE MAGICIAN BUT...

WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM I FEAR

OOOOWEE! LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN. NOW I CAN'T GO BACK AND IT'S SUICIDE TO GO FORWARD.



I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T DEVISED A WAY TO COLLECT YOUR OWN REWARD

THE SOLDIERS WON'T FOLLOW ME TO BALIMODRA BUT LAMONTHOS IS SURE TO HOUND US BOTH. BETTER THE UNCERTAINTIES OF THE BLACK RANGES BEFORE US THAN THE SURETY OF THE COMBINED FURIES OF THE CUCKOLDRED COMMANDER AND HIS SCORNFUL WIFE. I THINK, WHAT SAY YOU ORION, TO A CONTINUANCE OF OUR CHANCE ALLIANCE?

Why?

I DESERTED FROM THE ARMY POST AT BASARAK. FOOD WAS BAD AND PAY WAS WORSE. THE COMMANDER'S WIFE HATED TO SEE ME GO. I SUSPECT THE COMMANDER SUFFERED MIXED EMOTIONS. THEY'LL HAVE FLANKED THE AREA WITH SEARCHERS AND REWARD OFFERS. THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT OF ISHANDRIA FROM HERE IS THE ROAD LEADING TO BALIMODRA AND BASARAK GUARDS THE PASS.



AND SO IT WAS THAT ORION THE WANDERER AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY MET AND BEGAN THEIR STRANGE ADVENTURES ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT AT THE RIM OF BALIMODRA... BLEAK BROODING BALIMODRA WHERE MAMBA AND ORION FACE — AH BUT THEN THAT IS YET ANOTHER TALE...



# STRAWBERRY tarts

FEATURING HARVEY THE HORNYPHARE AS RABBIT O'FLYNN

SIR BASIL BURYMORE AS THE PERVERT.







# HOUSE

WHAT ISN'T OBVIOUS  
MAN OFTEN FORGETS...  
THAT ANIMALS HAVE FEELINGS,  
PLANTS FEEL PAIN  
AND EVEN A HOUSE HAS A HEART!



MA BRAMLEY WAS A  
QUIET PERSON, AN  
ALMOST SAD PERSON.



EVER SINCE HER  
DEAR PAUL HAD DIED  
IN THE WARS, SHE'D HAD  
ME BUILT AND LIVED HER LONG,  
UNEVENTFUL LIFE, QUIETLY.

THEN ONE DAY

WESTERN  
UNION'

A TELEGRAMME ?!

TELEGRAM

CAME A MOMENT OF PATHOS  
INTO HER DRAB EXISTENCE

ST REGRETS STOP  
MAY EXPIRED STOP  
LYNN TO YOUR CAR  
ALANG

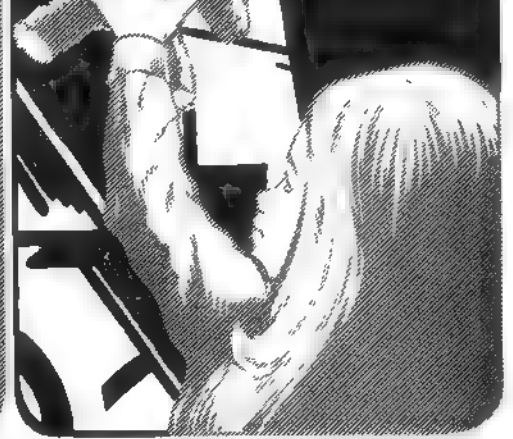
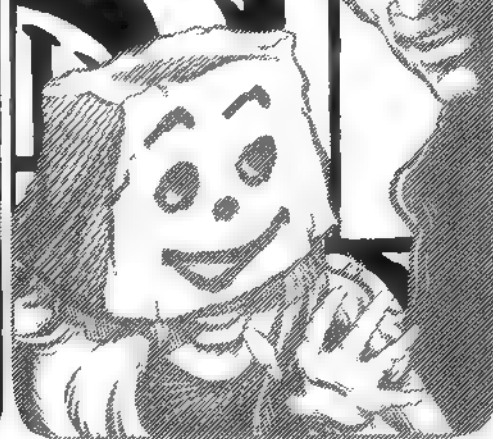
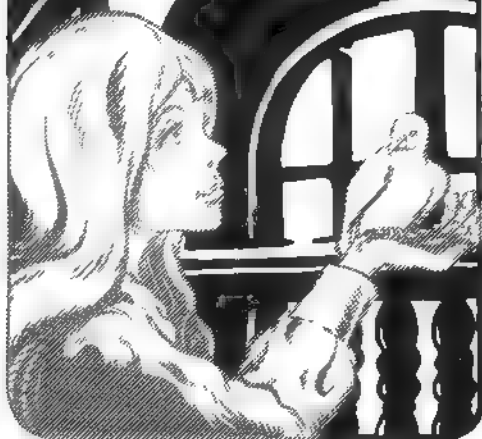
AND THAT VERY  
EVENING

AUNT MARTHA ?  
HI' I'M LYNN  
YOUR NIECE

KNOCK  
KNOCK



AND LYNN WAS HAPPINESS! THE YEARS  
THAT FOLLOWED WERE THE HAPPIEST THAT  
MA BRAMLEY AND I HAD EVER KNOWN...

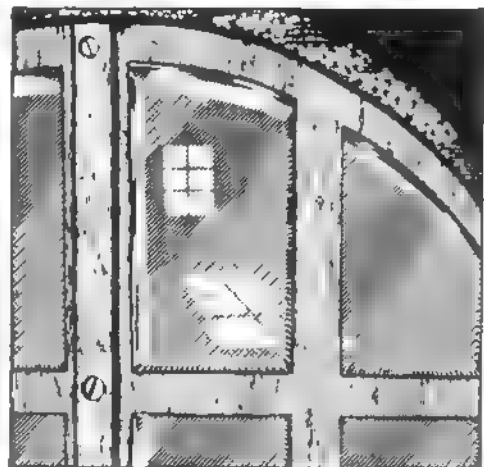
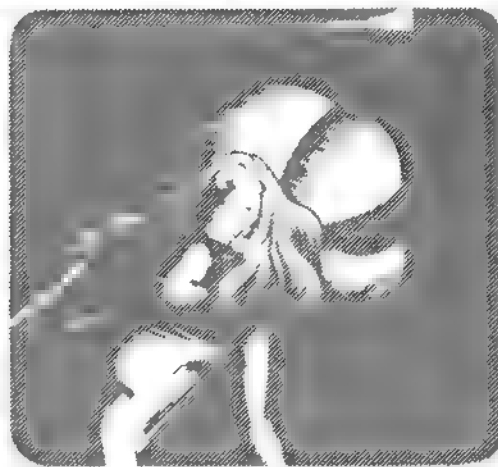
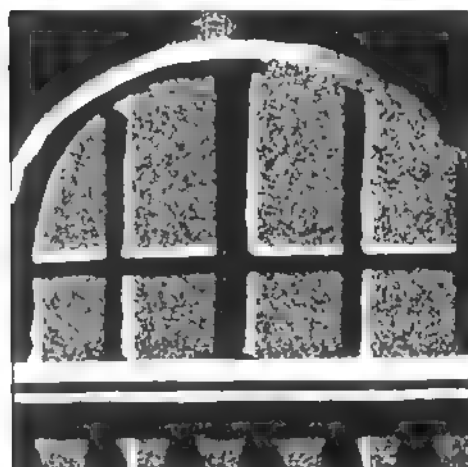
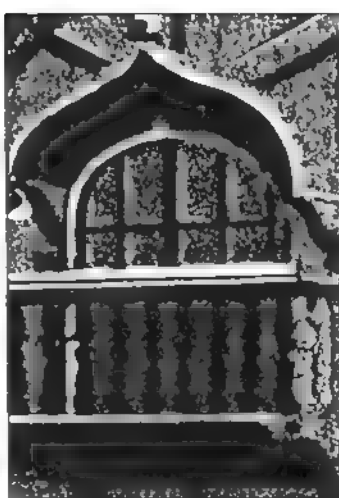






I WAS MISERABLE I DIDN'T WANT SOME STRANGERS MOVING INTO ME! I DECIDED TO TALK TO LYNN, TO REASON IT OUT WITH HER, LIKE I'D SEEN MA BRAMLEY DO, TIME AND TIME AGAIN...





SO LYNN STAYED WITH ME  
AND I'M HAPPY AGAIN!  
ITS REALLY AMAZING WHAT  
A LITTLE "HEART-TO-HEART"  
CAN ACHIEVE!...

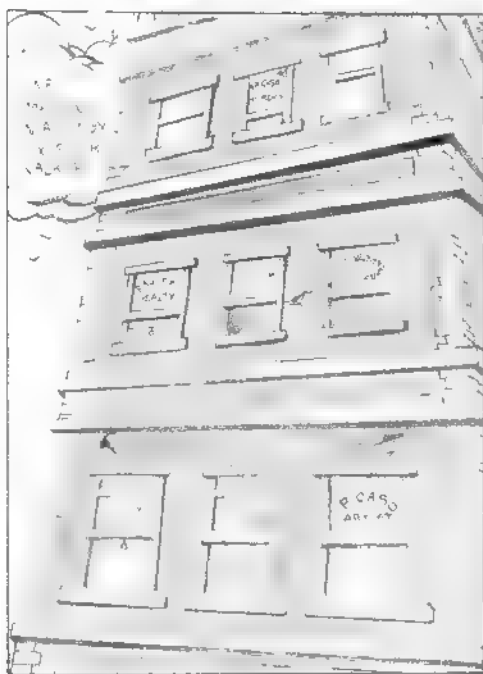
*Handwritten signature*



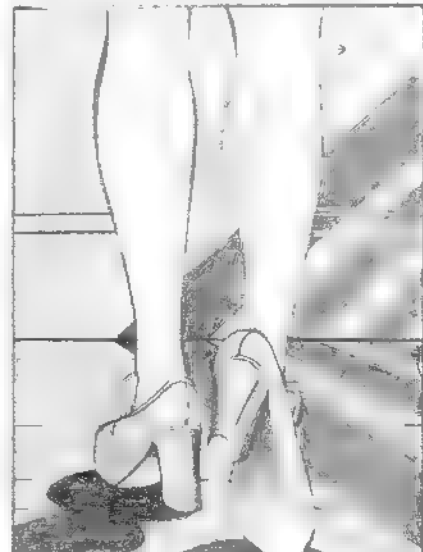
# Mordus!

DON'T FOOL AROUND

SCRIPT BY  
BOB KEENAN  
PENCILS LETTERING  
BY ED MAILEY



WEATHER-BEATIN' GOOD WHENED  
RENEAINT THE OFFICE AIN  
CLIENT LITTLE I REALIZE  
WHAT I WAS GOING INTO



THE NAMES MORDUS, TRISA MORDUS  
I'M A DETECTIVE THIS S MY OFFICE  
IT'S A DETECTIVES OFFICE.  
I'M A DETECTIVE I'M GONNA  
LAY IT ON THE LINE WIT YOU LADY.  
I DON'T FOOL AROUND.  
I'M A DETECTIVE

EVER SINCE I WUZ A KID,  
I WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE  
I I NEVER KNEW MY  
PARENTS... THEY LEFT  
TOWN BEFORE I WUZ BORN!



I GREW UP ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN  
A LOT OF ROUGH TYPES DOWN OVER  
THERE YOU KNOW ANYWAY I FOUGHT  
MY WAY THROGH THE RATS AND  
POVERTY AND GOT MYSELF A JOB HERE

MR. MORDUS, THERE'S  
A MAN WITH A GUN  
AFTER ME

I'LL BET THERE'S A MAN CHASNG YOU BUT  
TOMATOES GET TOO EXCITED MY FATHER  
TOLD ME AT AN EARLY AGE, NEVER GET IN-  
VOLVED WITH AN EXCITED TOMATOE, I'LL  
BRNG YOU NOTHING  
BUT TROUBLE I  
TEND TO AGREE

MY FATHER  
WAS PRETTY  
SMART TOO  
BAD I  
NEVER MET  
HM

PLEASE  
MR. MORDUS  
THIS MAN  
HAS A GUN

AGNY SAYS I  
HAVE A GUN THAT  
IY THY CAL M  
TRGGA GUN  
IE  
RECHSE OF ROY  
RATH HIR I THOSE  
TUCH THE

THE FIGHT TIME  
A LK I T  
LKE A REAAT  
AT LKLY PKE  
TO BA I WNT  
MAY HNT G  
AFTER, WATCHE AT

HA HA HA - 'S GLE  
I DON'T FOCU  
AND BUT  
I  
H KLE, M  
A GOOD  
LHGH MATCH  
HEADS AT  
TWENTY PAGES  
H GET

I COULD SEE MY EASY  
GOING MANNER WAS  
GETTING TO HER

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE  
IN THE HALLWAY

I'LL SHOOT  
THAT FILTHY  
BITCH

SO YOU SAY THERE'S  
A MAN WITH A GUN  
AFTER YOU EHP  
I HAD A CASE  
LIKE THAT IN '42



"AT THAT INSTANT LITTLE BEKNOWNST TO ME, A PER-  
PETRATOR PERPETRATED MY ALLEGED OFFICE."



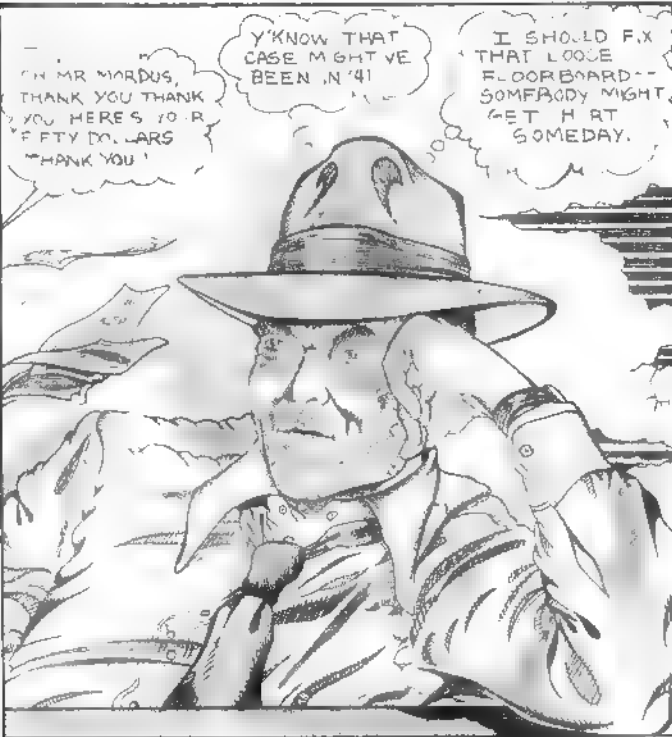
"MORNIN' HAT-  
THREE DAMNED  
HARLOT!  
DIE!"

"MAN, THAT WAS  
A STRANGE CASE"

"THE NAIL RAISED  
IT'S UGLY HEAD"



"DAMN  
SHOES!"



"Y'KNOW THAT  
CASE MIGHT VE  
BEEN IN '41"

"I SHOULD FIX  
THAT LOOSE  
FLOORBOARD--  
SOMEBODY MIGHT  
GET HURT  
SOMEDAY."

"MR MORDUS,  
THANK YOU THANK  
YOU. HERE'S 10.00  
FIFTY DOLLARS  
THANK YOU!"

"LATE THAT  
NIGHT..."

"THE NAME'S MORDUS SEEP  
TRIGGA MORDUS IVE BEEN  
A DETECTIVE FOR TEN MAY-  
BE FIFTEEN YEARS IT  
MIGHT BE TWELVE WAIT  
LET ME THINK"



BOO  
JAMES  
YAGN  
GEORGE

TRIG  
SIC

PB  
Y  
SIC



"WATCH FOR  
THE FURTHER  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TRIGGA  
MORDUS"

THE  
END!

Hi and welcome to the second issue of **Hot Stuff** after a year of preparation.

Of course during that year we weren't just playing cards... Let's see now.

After **Hot Stuff** number one we produced the two limited edition color prints by Rich Corben. Then we did *The Art of Neal Adams* book and then **HEROES** our new set of 10 color prints by Gray Morrow. We are currently working on **THE BARBARIANS**, a tremendous series of large full color posters by Neal Adams, Ken Barr, Bill Maher and Gray Morrow. Also in the works is **Hot Stuff** number three which will feature *The Scarecrow* by Bill Maher.

So if you think this past year was so nothing then just wait and watch the smoke... **we're really gettin' hot now!**

As some of you may have noticed... this issue may not be exactly what you expected. Originally scheduled for this issue was to be Neal Adams' documentary comic art strip on the Kent State Incident. Unfortunately Neal being the tremendously busy man that he is hasn't been able to tackle it just yet, he will eventually and it will appear in either a future issue of **Hot Stuff** or perhaps take part of the second volume of *The Art of Neal Adams*. By the way... Neal did do the cover based on the proposed story and it has been hand color separated by Rich Corben so the cover is ready... now, all we need is the story. The cover is superb and I know when Neal does complete the story it'll be worth the wait. Be patient and in the meantime Neal did this issue's centerfold as a little teaser.

Illustration by Greg Theakston and Bern Wrightson



I am really thrilled to finally get my hands on Gray Morrow's **Orion** strip. This epic sword and sorcery tale runs to eight chapters. The first chapter was originally printed in *Wizard* number two in 1967... since I want to eventually print the entire story, I've decided to reprint the first chapter (which is long out of print) and most of you have never even seen it and the second chapter which is new and never before seen. Like I said... I do intend to continue the further adventures of Orion in future issues... so watch for it... you're in for an exciting story and about the best art Gray's ever done.

Bill Maher in my opinion is one of the most creative imaginative people in the entire art field. Of course I've seen many things most of you have never seen... like bum covers and a lot of graphic designing, but you'll be seeing a lot more of Bill's work in future issues and I think you'll acquire the same type of craving I have to see as much of his work as he can produce. And I'll do my best to print as much of it as I can.

Rich Corben is back again with a delightful script by Herb Arnold. *The Voluptas* story is right up Rich's alley... broads and barbarians. He's truly the very best storyteller to come around to comic art in a long time and if you like Rich's color work then you should check out his two color prints available from your favorite Uncle Sal. See our ad elsewhere in this issue.

Undoubtedly one of the finest cover illustrators in this business is Ken Barr. Once again Ken is doing the honors as my cover artist. I cannot say enough about him. How Ken does all those paperback covers, movie posters (*The Wind and the Lion*, *Term of Man*, *The Night that Panicked America*) and those gorgeous paintings for Marvel's black and white mags is amazing. He's quite a popular fellow... I'd say Ken's a true artist, a fine and kind gentleman and a very good friend. Thanks Ken.

I'd like to welcome some newcomers to our little group.

Mike Vosburg and Will Meugniot both originally from the underground comic gang and now working for Marvel comics. You'll be seeing a lot of their work now and I'm glad they were able to pitch in when I needed them.

Ferdinand Bharucha — all the way from France, no expense too great for tandom. Ferdinand is one of the top talents in Europe, his work in *Plote* is fabulous, and it's great having him.

Bob Kline... well known throughout tandom and in the undergrounds and most recently,



as one of the top animators of the Star Trek cartoon show. It took me over a year to track him down but I finally caught up to him and I'm extremely glad I did.

One of my old steadfast comrades in comics department Ernie Colon, whose work on Richie Rich comics will always stand out in random so far out that — but really — it's always a real pleasure to see Ernie doing this stuff for me because he does it so well. I love his own unique style and I hope to have him all the time as long as he's willing. He's a good friend and I thank him for taking time out to do this story.

Some inside info on three people I'd like you to meet:

Ed Manley — who at the early age of 17 proves to be one of the finest young talents in comics — from week to week you can see his improvements jump in leaps and bounds. Thank you I'll be seeing a lot of Ed's work in the next few years and I'll bet you'll love every bit of it like I do! I'm very proud to be publishing one of his first efforts.

Bob Keenan — has proven to have definite signs of manic tendencies, but he's a pretty good writer considering that he's just starting to get into this crazy business. As you can see in this issue — quite a few of Bob's scripts have been put to use — each one suitable to the particular artist. All of the artists were thrilled with the scripts and I'm sure you'll be reading many more of Bob's imaginative tales, not only in Hot Stuff but more so in the professional comic companies.

Definitely my personal favorite of my three assistants is Margot Goldstein, a very busy college student in the graphic arts. Her help in the production of this book and most of my other projects is deeply appreciated, from lettering to paste-ups. Many a time I would be ready to give up this business completely — due to frustration, monetary needs, and just plain aggravation. Margot put in the backbone whenever it was needed; she put in the determination, the advice and most of all — the love.

Margot, Bob and Ed are called my assistants. The word "assistant" is quite an understatement. The tedious task of handling all the mail, putting together and running our art displays at the July Comic Art Convention and Creation Convention in New York, production assistance, and all our ideas are tossed about and finalized, they're art critics, they're weight lifters (those boxes of books are heavy ya' know!). But most of all, they're friends, good friends and I thank them for all the help.

#### Bits of information:

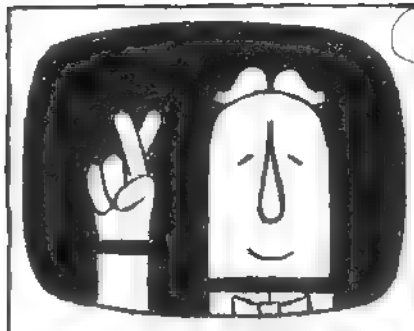
Hot Stuff number one is sold out — there are no back issues available.

Please do not send money for future issues of Hot Stuff or anything else — you have to wait for our ads in the Buyers Guide which will state the correct price and publication date.

We welcome and need your opinions, comments and suggestions on this issue and for our future projects.



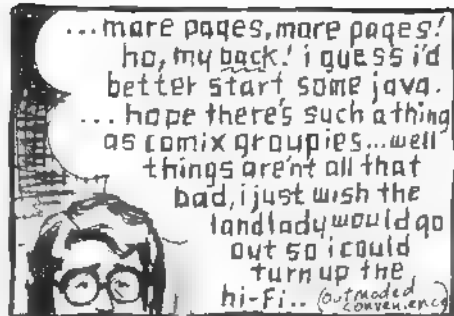
Illustration by Ken Barr



sure is lonely.



thank god for Melan  
and his righteous "P"  
oh what a nice buzz!  
hmm! eye hand co-  
ordination down  
30 percent... no  
beer... what? No  
Beer? Mother Of  
Mercy is this the  
end of Rico? time  
to bring in some  
shenanigans.



... more pages, more pages!  
ho, my back! i guess i'd  
better start some java.  
... hope there's such a thing  
as comix groupies... well  
things aren't all that  
bad, i just wish the  
landlady would go  
out so i could  
turn up the  
hi-fi... (outmoded  
convenience)



thinks



hey wait! time  
for dinner!!

thanks dad,  
but i'm really  
not hungry.



oh no not now!



SLURP



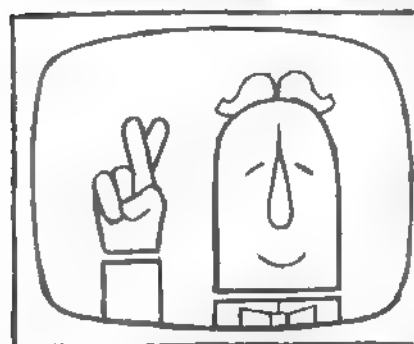
well kid we made it!  
half of the bread  
is box office and  
the other half put  
up by the promo  
people for the  
warm up band..  
so they can say  
they were billed  
with you...



don't pinch my bum darlings  
... i've hemorrhoids from  
my drawing days. well now..  
you mean to tell me you don't  
know how old you are? my!  
well i think i can help you  
out but first you'll have  
to take your trousers off..



.. One at a time!!  
ahhhhyaaagh!  
please.. my back!!!  
ahh.. oh.. open wider  
... sorry about that  
say i really should  
get back to work.  
i've gotta get  
my glasses to  
the cleaners.



at last! Las Vegas.  
The Big Score! I'd  
be cool and stick  
to Acey Deucey til  
I warm up a bit ...



no limit  
again  
sir?

sure hope the girls  
around here dig the  
eddie constantine look.



man, i'm feelin'  
lucky tonight!



Pardon me folks  
but it looks as  
if we'd better  
dig out the gen-  
tleman once  
again...



ah the... hel-lo  
cheri!... what's  
your's? milk plus?  
no, think you are  
more likely the...  
ripple Fizz and  
tequila type.

bug off  
creepo



bartender, excuse me but  
a ripp.. are you mister  
er... marhar?



well, yes  
sort of.. Awright clown! Treasury  
Agents! League of the barrai  
and come quietly lest we  
blow you to shitville!



minus what you owe the  
government, bil... you can't  
even afford Kraft  
macaroni + cheese...



Let Me Out!  
Let Me Out!  
I Gotta..  
I... gotta..



Piss! god  
damned  
coffee!



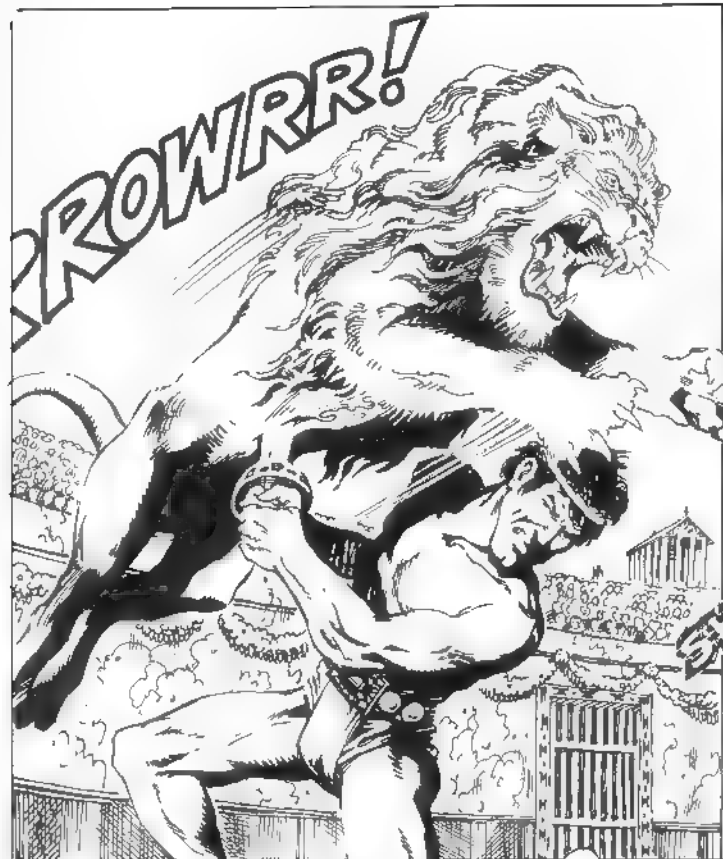
reality!  
Kraft maca-  
roni & cheese!  
Oh thank  
you god!

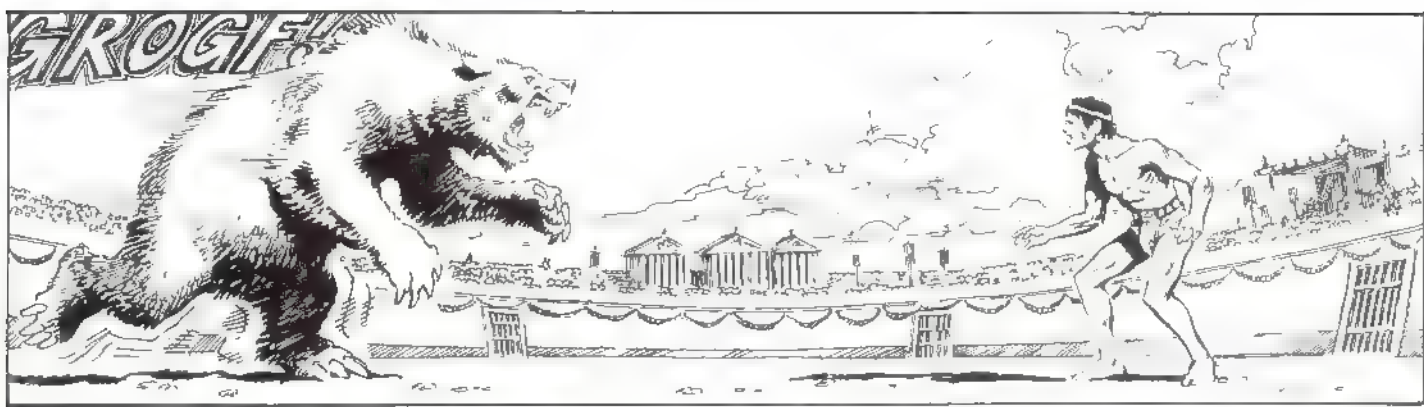


preservatives are the only  
things that keep me going  
through these long hours.  
oh well it beats working..





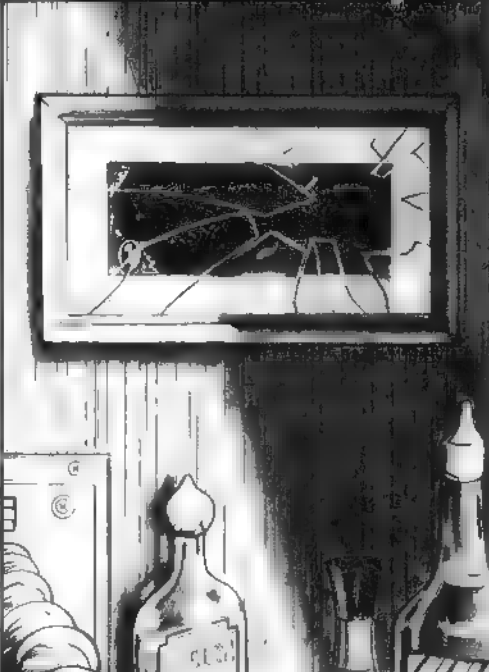
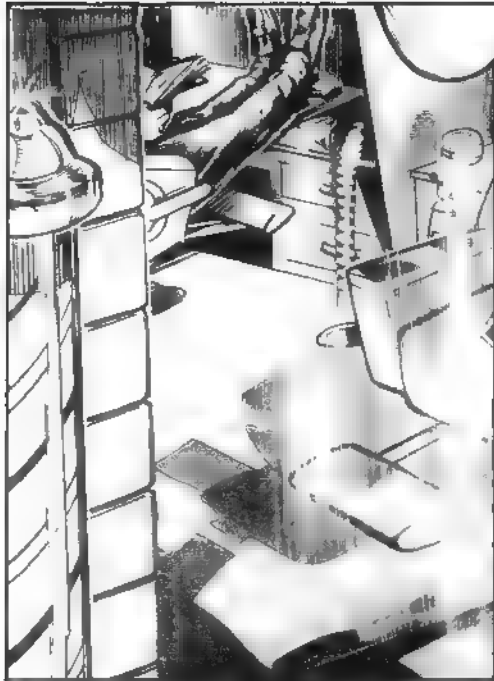






**"THIS IS THE EMPEROR'S FOOD-TASTERS FAVORITE JOB!"**





Good morning, Ol' Spoon!  
Just the shave today...



Well, Fred lad! How's Trix...  
and Mary, and Jo, and....

.. Um., Spoon? I'd hate  
to rush you but I. um.

Oh!.. Sorry, lad. I thought I saw my wife out there...



Ah yes, your Jennie, now there's a sweet woman....



...not like my Emmaline...  
...what are you doing?



I told you I wanted only the bleedin' shave, man!

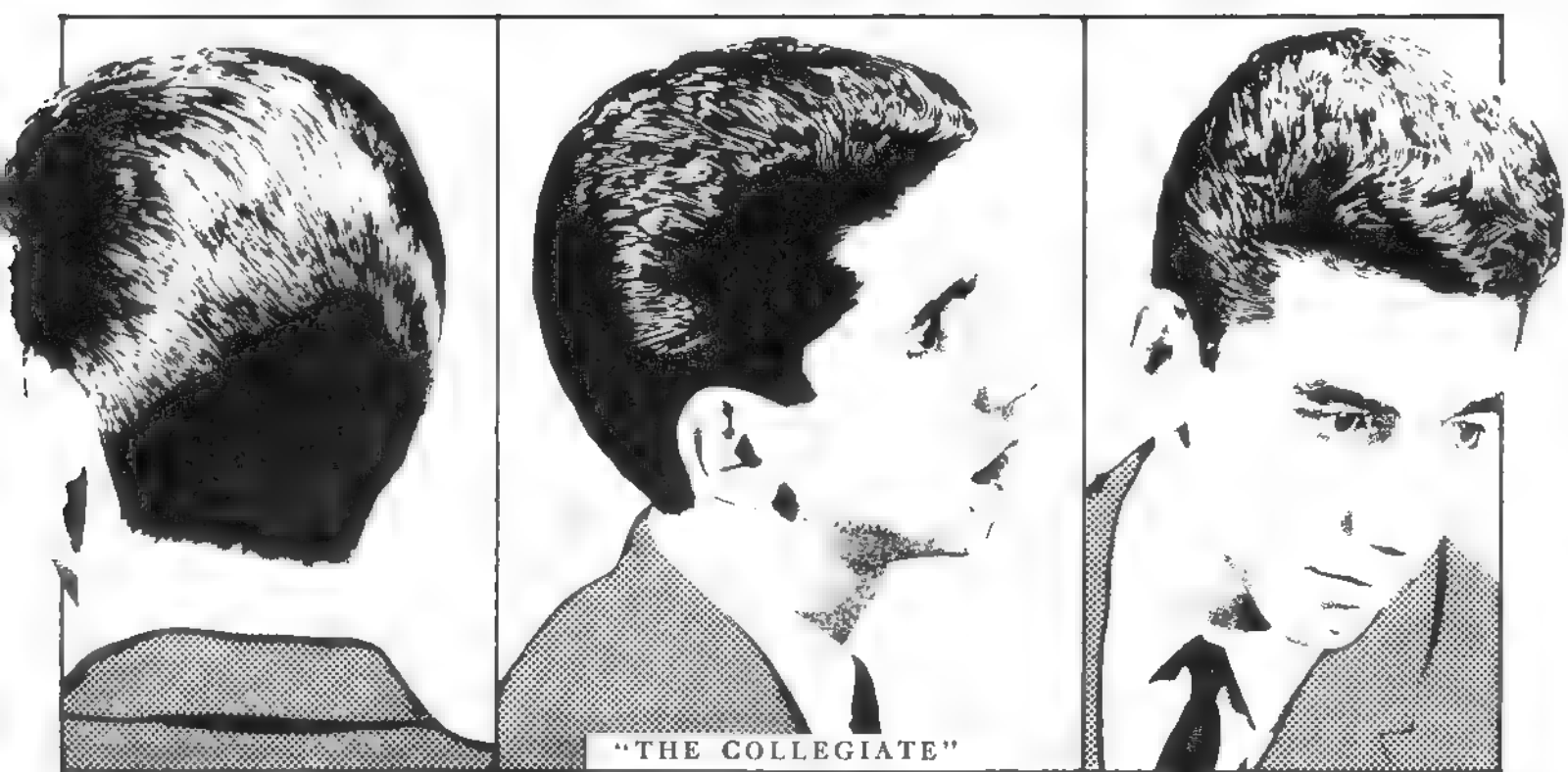


Holy bleedin' Christmas!  
Spoon, you twit! Wha...



Jennie?





"THE COLLEGIATE"

# STORY OF JIM (MAD BARBER)



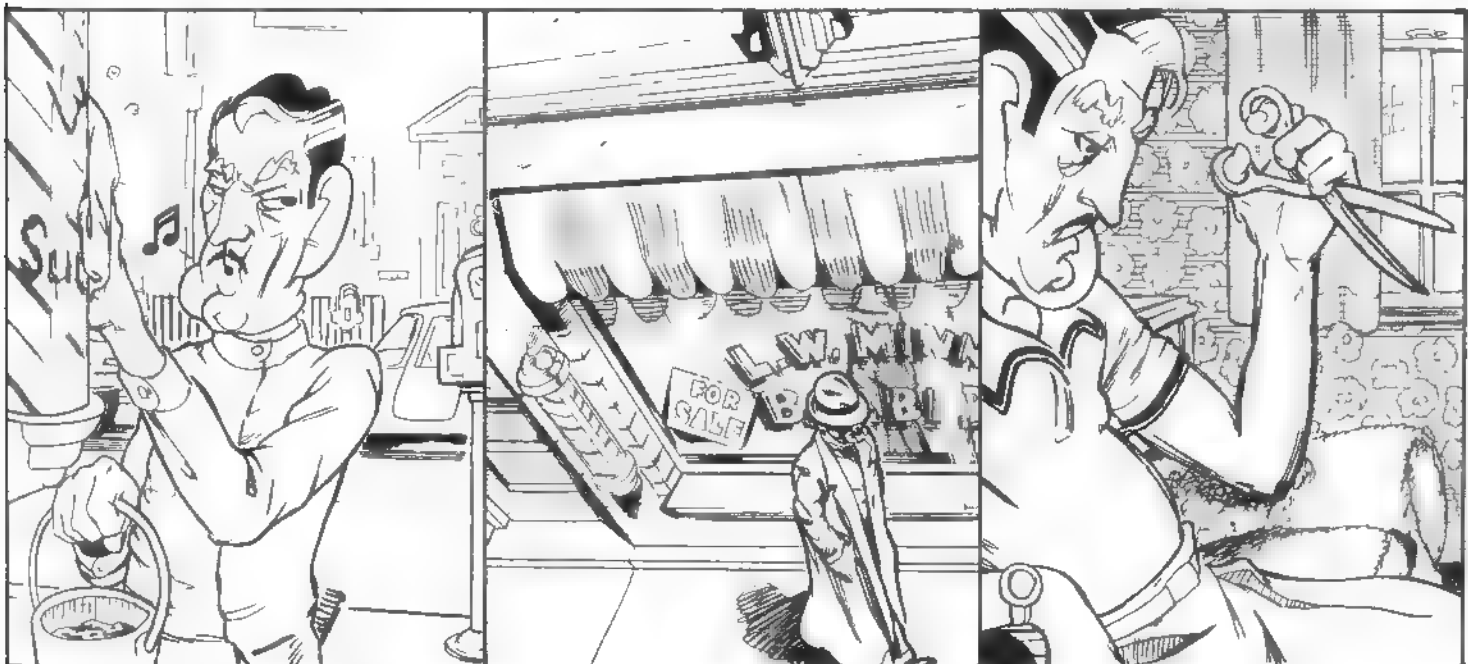
"THE NEW YORKER"



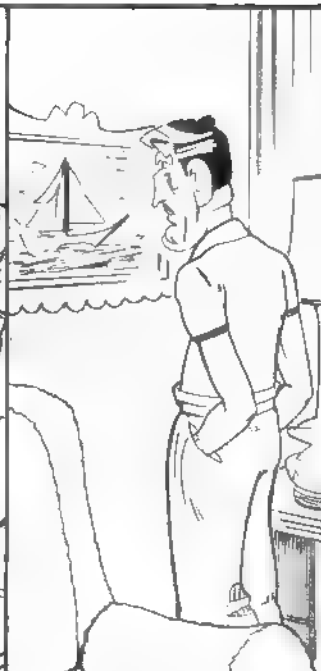
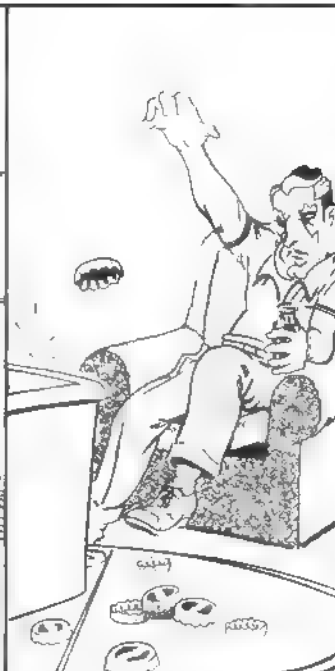
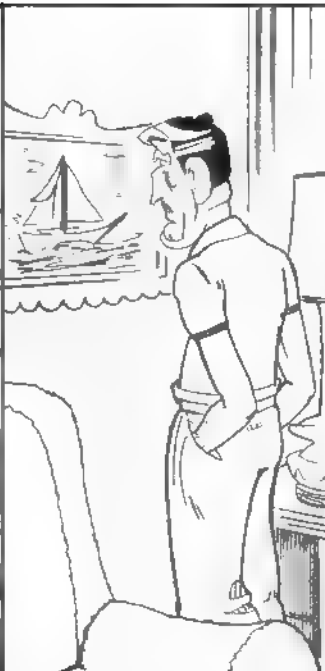
Ronald Short	Friend	The Right Rev. Beddoe	Denis Limb	Analyst
Well, it got so al. 'e could talk about was 'dem long 'air kids...you know, like 'dey were the "Jerries"..		I recall he would still be singin' after the rest had done. Just singin' on and on, all by himself. . odd.		We have to ask ourselves, "what kind of man is this? The well-known "loner", or perhaps, "sadistic bully"?
				

In this portrait of the "Mad Barber of Cheltenham" we'll look for some answers to that very important question. The centre of our drama is Leslie Windowsash Minnie, who, for the purposes of this study will be referred to as "Jim" in order that his identity be kept secret.

It was during that first summer of 1972 that Jim's rangy side began to take control. Changing Fashion caused business to fall off drastically and his second wife had divorced him for a poodle-clipper from Bornmouth. Jim's depression was further agitated by 'Teds' from a neighbouring school. They loitered outside his shop, wagging their long hair and writing obscene slogans on his barber's pole. To make matters worse, his remaining customers soon noticed his distraction and avoided him, the financial troubles which ensued led him to lose his shop. Jim began to stay at home for weeks at a time, but nothing was to relieve his need to cut and trim, his need to strike back at the poodle-clipper who'd ruined him!



We all figger'd we're none of us perfect, eh? "Spoon" 'as 'is... I mean, best let 'ave it off. Sorta sort things out... 'an all dat.



'Ello Leslie old Spoon. I brought a Boiled... Oik!

Jennie!?! Oh.. Ronnie lad, I'm glad you're here Lay your noble pudding brow to these laminated "Jap-type" binoculars and weep.

By my 'Airy Palm Tree! Don't everything seem to Loom Larger... Ohhoh!



That's the inflation, lad..

Cor! Dat's disgustin'!

...it's the First sign of The End, that's what

That it is, Ronnie,...it's positively bohemian...

Ow! 'Spuklursplurggla!



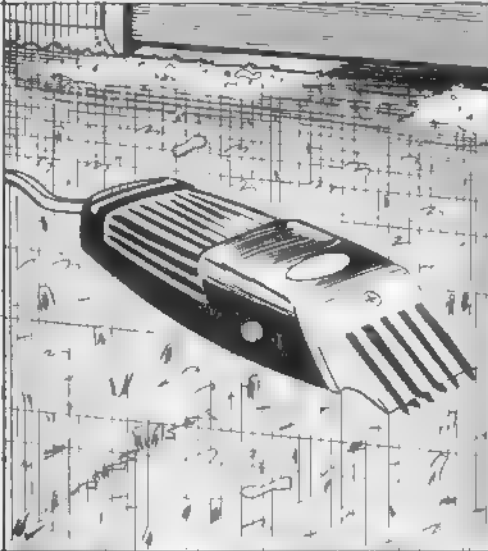
.. note the young poof of dubious origin with a Nazi-type shower curtain on his empty noddle.



Ow! Now look, dere's no need to paint things all so black Dem kids just wa....



Hey!! I've got something tremendous to show you! Ha haa! Come this way! ...



Well what do you think?!? Note the workmanship? I did it all by myself, really! Isn't it magnificent, Ron?



Jennie.



Well, we didn't see one another much after dat, but I'eard'e'd gone away on holiday to London I says to meself, "Ello", I says. . "Ello, dere's light at the end of the Ol' Rocky'Ole".







With no small amount of effort, Jim found the poodle-clipper in a honeymoon suite in London. It was here that Brisbane Bloon awakened to the screams of his bride. "The Mad Barber" had struck, leaving his first victim as pristine as a seedless grape. Jenny Minnie Bloon summoned her new spouse to court for concealing baldness during courtship, but for Jim somehow this was not enough. Now low on funds and drinking heavily, he soon began to lose control whenever a generously-haired head was nearby, and in the weeks which followed, hysterical rumors bore increasing resemblance to fact. No one was safe! The police were at a loss without a single clue. And so it was that Scotland Yard came on the case. Undercover men in gorilla suits were stationed around the town in hopes that this might draw Jim out; this only served to make him more cautious. He moved to a grimy flat and found a tart who brought in his first haircutting fatality: The Yard's own W.P. Himmel







While Jim lay in hospital recovering from a beating he received when he tried to layercut an "abandoned tree" mover's Forearms, Scotland Yard had arrested someone they believed to be the Mad Barber. In truth his cutting did resemble Jim's Frenzied style only because Angusat Scrimson-Scramson was very senile. Answering the charges he said, "It weren't me! Wer Raquel Welch!" Without intervention, he would surely be sent up. In a moment, the results of that trial.

Covered in broken plaster, Jim toppled into court screaming "Impostor!" and he proved his sincerity by heaping the chamber with four tons of hairy evidence. Once again Jim had rammed it to himself with characteristic Flair. He was sentenced to a prison farm, and the police saw that all the hair he'd taken was returned to its rightful owners. While in Bumsdale Jim learned sheep-shearing and in two years was released for good behavior, ready to begin again.







*A slot-like wound to the head spelled the end for Jim, the Mad Barber, and it is ironic that this came at the hands of yet another who might be called "mad". But was Mary Akka Obarts really insane? Of course. In 1974 when prices shot in the general direction of up, Mrs. Obarts became obsessed with saving every pence. Her husband starved to death over breakfast, he sat listlessly, letting his meals spoil, and refused to work. "Mary the Scrimper" took to begging in the streets but her need to save was so overpowering that she was seized to jamming the coins given her into the head of her benefactor, banking against uncertain times. Is there a lesson here? In these days when change is so mercilessly changing the changing changes of these suddenly changing times suddenly, surely we know enough not to go out walking after dark. Change, like death, comes to us all, and the number of those who have fought either and won can be counted on the fingers of your right foot.*

## FREE-IRON-ON-FREE

SPECIAL THANKS TO  
MELVIN SMITH-  
SHAGNASTY KWSN

STORY  
BIL MAHER and  
DOUG NEWMAN  
SCRIPT  
BAD MILLER

ART, LETTERING,  
LAYOUT  
MAD BILLER

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL:  
NEW DRUGMAN  
DEW NDUGMAN  
WJNE DOGMAN  
BAD WOW

...ZYUG YNAW, YKJAS 320HT

**MAMW 1A**  
**REHMER**

DE HOLTYWOOD K.W.2.V.

NOT FORGETTING  
SPIKE MILLIGON!

DIRECTIONS :

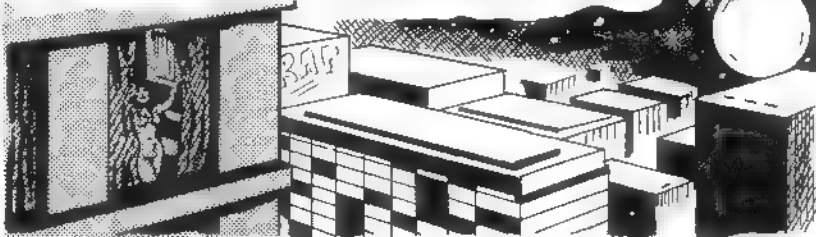
- ① CUT OUT IRON-ON ALONG DOTTED LINE.
- ② POSITION ON FOREHEAD.
- ③ FILL POT(4 QUART) AND BRING TO FULL BOIL
- ④ ADD 6 UNPEELED APPLES.
- ⑤ HOLDING IRON-ON TO FACE, SUBMERGE IN WATER FOR 10 min.
- ⑥ GARNISH AND SERVE

# THE MIST

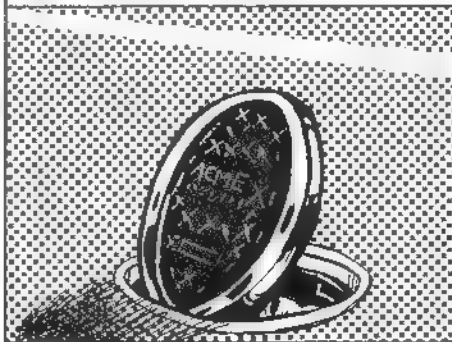
SCRIPT:  
ROBERT KEENAN  
ART:  
WILL MEUGNIOT



A VELVET SILENCE FALLS SOFTLY ON METRO CITY...



FEW THINGS COULD DISTURB THE  
PEACE OF THIS NIGHT, BUT THERE  
ARE THOSE WHO WOULD...



BREAK THIS  
SILENCE, AND  
THE LAW!



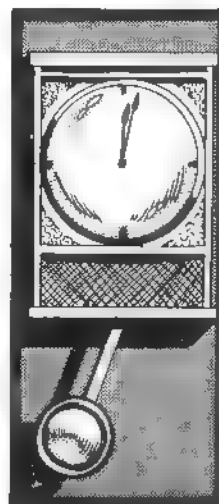
CRIME IS OFTEN LIKE A QUES-  
TION, A PUZZLE...



AND ANSWERS ARE OFTEN IN-  
TANGIBLE, EVER DRIFTING, LIKE  
WISPS OF SMOKE...

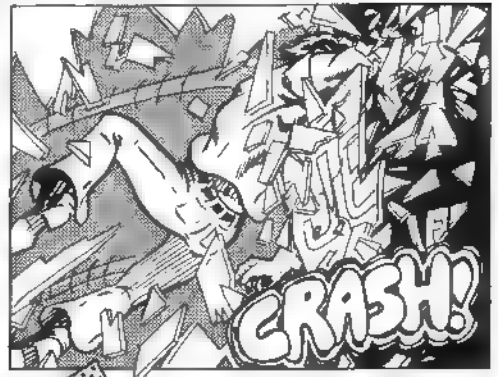


OR LIKE THE VERY MIST  
ITSELF





CRIMINALS DEAL IN THE CONCRETE, THE TOUCHABLE...



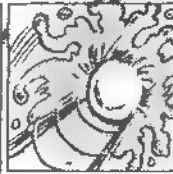
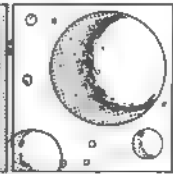
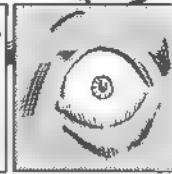
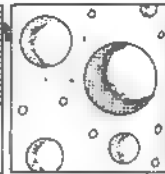
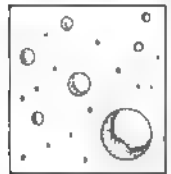
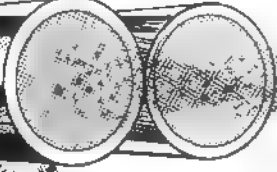
WHEREAS RIGHTEOUS MEN SEEK TO LOOK UPON A CONCEPT, A CONCEPT OF JUSTICE



AND THROUGH LAWS, AND LOGIC, THEY COME TO A DECISION THAT BETTERS ALL



A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN



CUTS DOWN ON THE PAPERWORK CONSIDERABLY





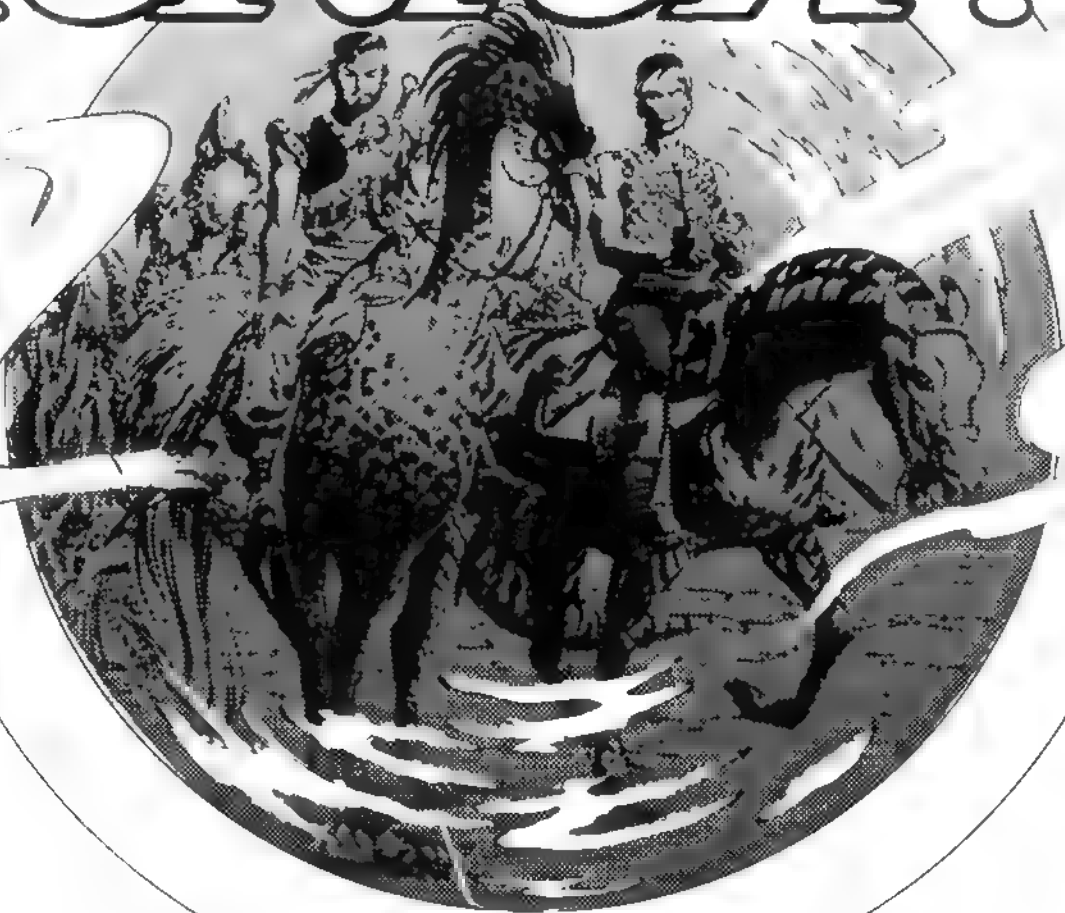


AHHHH, SEE MY  
PRETTIES.. I PROMISED  
YOU DIVERSION, DID I  
NOT?

...MANY WILL DIE! I THINK THAT I SHALL  
LOOK FORWARD TO THE COMING OF.....

THREE FOOLS  
IN CONFLICT OVER THE  
KEY TO THE UNIVERSE. A  
BRIGAND A ROGUE AND A  
SORCERER WHOSE ARTS  
PERHAPS RIVAL HIS OWN.  
THE FOOL DOES NOT SHOW  
THE OUTCOME... ONLY THAT  
IT WILL BE RESOLVED HERE  
IN THIS VALLEY OF ETERNAL  
NIGHT AND THAT

# ...ORION!



©ORION AND MAMBA THE MERCENARY FLEE FROM THE WIZARD LAMONTHOS ACROSS THE SANDS OF BALIMODRA. THEIR PROGRESS IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZED BY....



....KITES! THE DAMNED  
CARRION-EATERS VE BEEN  
FOLLOWING US FOR HOURS.

THEY'RE  
SPIES....SPIES  
FOR LAMONTHOS!

NOW WE'RE IN  
FOR IT! THEY'RE  
CIRCLING TO....

...ATTACK!





TORN AND BLEEDING ORION WIELDS HIS MIGHTY BLADE LIKE A SCYTHE WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE SKIRLING SHROUD-LIKE KITES WHILE MAMBA, UNMOLESTED, WATCHES.... AND WAITS!



IN A BLOODCURDLING CACAPHONY OF SHRIEKING CALLS THE REMAINING KITES CAREEN INTO THE AIR, UNWILLING TO FORFEIT ANY MORE OF THEIR NUMBERS TO ORION'S TERRIBLE SWORD.



ORION, MY FRIEND  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?



ORION TAKES STOCK OF THEIR SITUATION AND FINDS IT TO BE A GRIM ONE, INDEED. WITH HIS STEED DEAD AND MAMBA'S RUN OFF, THEY ARE AFOOT MINUS HALF THEIR SUPPLIES IN A FIERCE AND HOSTILE LAND.

ORION, WHY DO YOU NOT ANSWER?



ORION.



**NOT A MARK ON YOU!** TWICE NOW YOU'VE BEEN UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO AD ME IN A FIGHT FOR MY LIFE MY G... B "FRIEND." HAVE YOU NO BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS?

MY LOPIR THREW ME! I WAS STUNNED!



AH, MY POOR COMRADE, YOU BLAME ME FOR OUR MISFORTUNE WHEN IT'S LAMONTHOS AND HIS DETERMINATION TO POSSESS YOUR ACCURSED SWORD THAT IS THE REAL TROUBLE.



I SAY LEAVE IT FOR THE WIZARD TO FIND AND BE RID OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE ONCE AND FOR ALL! THEN WE.....

NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE HIS LACKEY - HIS..... RETRIVER!



THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, ISN'T IT? FOR HIM!

TAKE IT THEN! IF YOU CAN!:

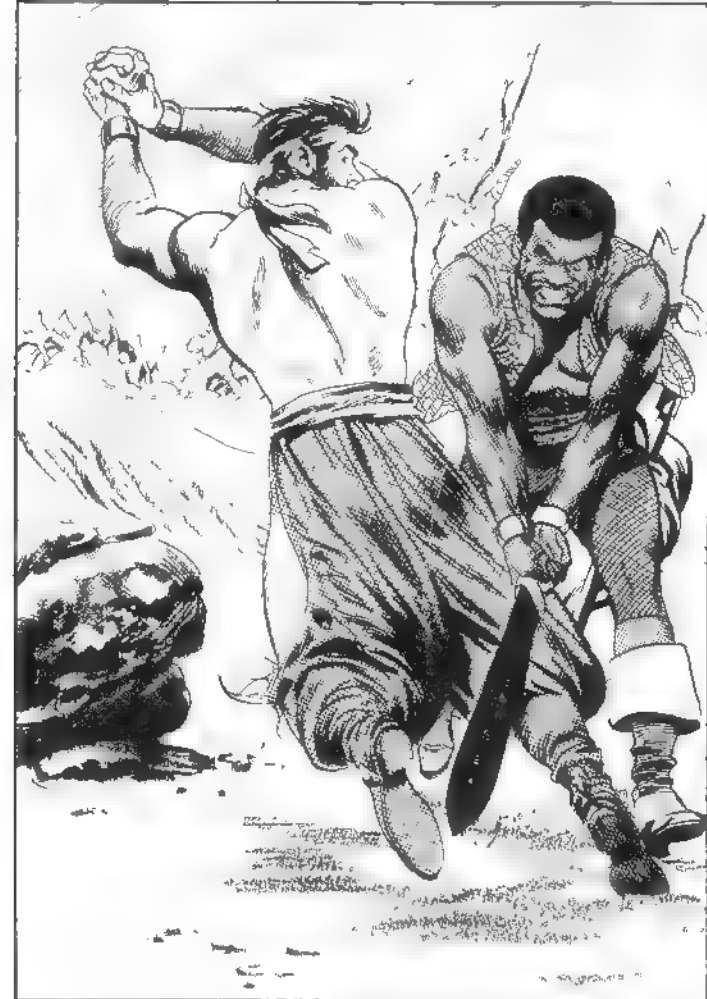




A GLAZE FILMS THE MERCENARY'S EYES WHICH REMAIN FIXED ON THE MAGIC BLADE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. THEN, RASPING HIS OWN HALF-DRAWN WEAPON BACK INTO ITS SHEATH, HE PULLS **THORBOLT** FROM THE TURF. SUDDENLY HIS FROZEN VISAGE IS SPLIT WIDE BY A WOLFISH GRIN AND HE LUNGES TOWARD ORION'S NOT ONLESS FIGURE TO *HEW HIM DOWN THE MIDDLE!*



WHAT NEXT OCCURS WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THAT WHILE THE TWO COMBATANTS CERTAINLY ARE.....



...AGGRESSIVE...



...DIRECT...



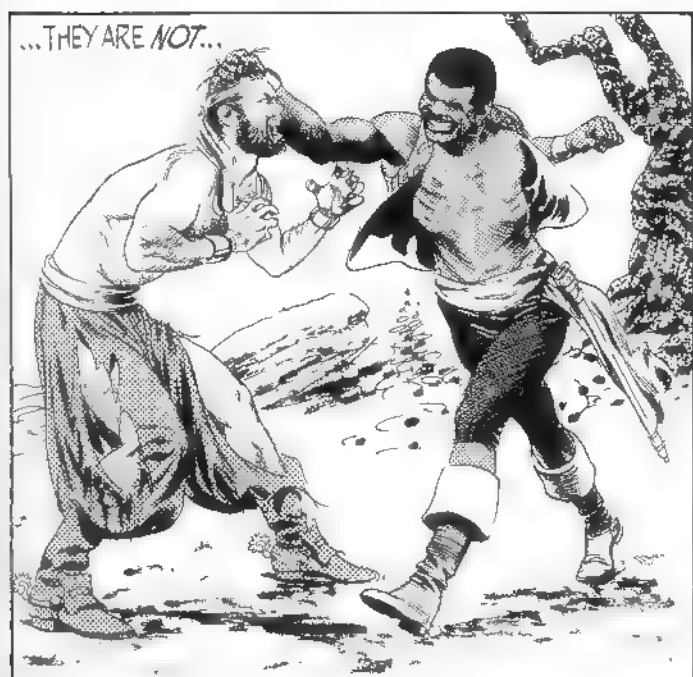
...SPIRITED...



...AND RESOURCEFUL...



...THEY ARE NOT...



...GENTLEMEN!



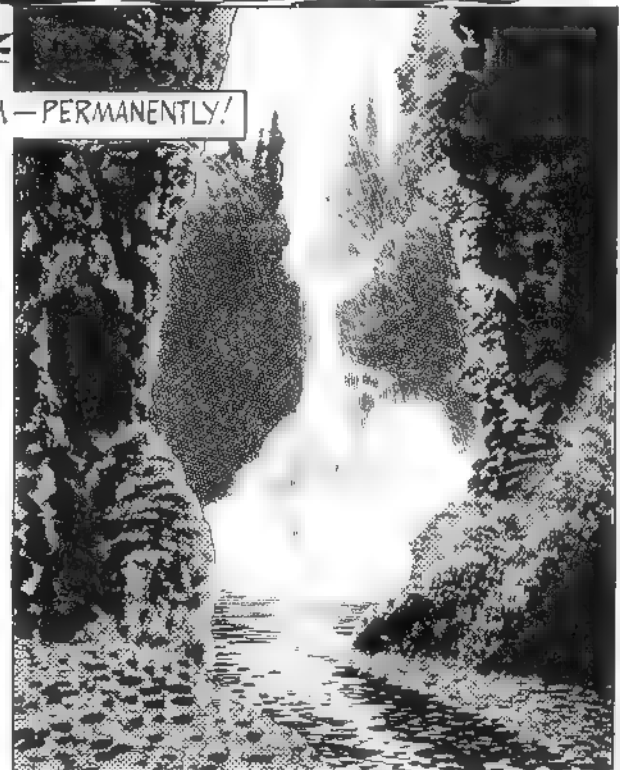
THE HEAT OF THE CONTROVERSY CARRIES THEM INTO A RAGING STREAM WHICH FAILS TO DAMPEN THEIR CONTENTIOUSNESS.



MAMBA EMPHASIZES HIS POSITION WITH A PEECE OF DRIFTWOOD. ORION NEARLY CONCEDES HIS STAND ENTIRELY.



A MIGHTY CASCADE THREATENS TO SETTLE THEIR DISPUTE FOR THEM — PERMANENTLY!





THE DISAGREEMENT COMES TO AN ABRUPT END AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS WITH ORION THE VICTOR, APPARENTLY BY DEFAULT. MAMBA DOES NOT REAPPEAR.



REPEATED DIVES AND CANVASSING OF BOTH BANKS FURTHER DOWN STREAM PROVE FRUITLESS. DESPITE THIS, ORION RECOVERS HIS SWORD AND THE NECESSARY SUPPLIES TO CONTINUE HIS TREK.



THIS DAMNED THING! WHY DO I KEEP IT? WHAT PRICE INVINCIBILITY? DAMN, I LIKED THE WILY BASTARD AND HIS FRANKLY LARCENOUS NATURE. I JUST WANTED TO SHOW HIM I DIDN'T NEED AN EDGE TO KEEP HIM OR ANYONE ELSE FROM STEALING THORBOLT! NOW I'M ALONE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN WILDERNESS WITH MY GUILTY CONSCIENCE. WELL, THAT CRACKBRAINED MAGICIAN WILL UNDOUBTEDLY KEEP THINGS INTERESTING....



CURSING THORBOLT'S EATING AFFECT ON COVETOUS RASCALS AND WIZARDS ALL, HE SETS OUT GRIMLY ACROSS FORBIDDING TERRAIN.



UNGH!

MEET JOEY THOMAS, YOUR AVERAGE THRICE-MUGGED RESIDENT OF NEW YORK CITY. BECOMING TIRED OF BEING THE BRUNT OF SO MANY ATTACKS, OUR FRIEND DECIDED TO TAKE UP **TAE KWON DO**-KOREAN KARATE. HOWEVER, TONIGHT OUR YOUNG MR THOMAS WILL BECOME THE VICTIM OF A MORE MYSTERIOUS ATTACK FROM A RATHER FAMOUS FIGHTING "SPIRIT"!

# A CASE OF POSSESSION



ERNIE COLON

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TONIGHT. YOU HAVE ALL DONE VERY WELL.

THANK GOODNESS- I DON'T THINK I HAVE ANOTHER FRONT KICK **LEFT**!

RICHARD CHUN  
TAE KWON DO  
MOO DUK KWAN HQ

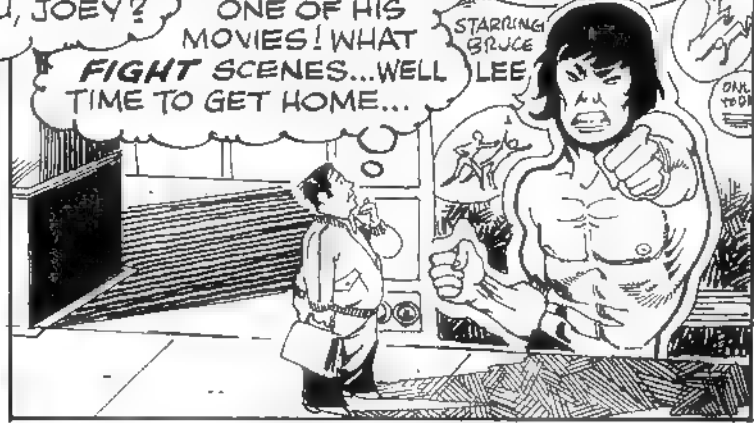


OH WELL- IF ANYTHING, I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE A LITTLE WEIGHT- AND KARATE IS GIVING ME A LITTLE MORE SELF-ASSURANCE IN THE STREET. AAH, YOU **ARE** A HANDSOME **DEVIL**, AREN'T YOU, JOEY?

BRUCE LEE... THERE WAS A REAL MASTER! I SAW EVERY ONE OF HIS MOVIES! WHAT **FIGHT SCENES**... WELL TIME TO GET HOME...

LIFE of the **DRAGON**

STARRING  
BRUCE  
LEE



I'LL TAKE THE DOG OUT, EAT SOMETHING, WATCH A LITTLE TV.... WHAT'S **THAT**?



A'RIGHT GIRL- GIVE US YOUR **MONEY**!

YEAH GIRL- HURRY UP!

PLEASE DON'T **HURT ME**!



GULP







BRUCE LEE

..THAT POSTER-I FEEL STRANGE-I DON'T... & HURT ANYMORE... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??



BOOM!

AAHG!



CRACK!



UNG



K-KEEP AWAY! AWAY!

POW KA-POW POW



UHH AH AGH

THUM THUM THUM



THAT GIRL-MUST'VE CALLED THE P-POLICE-MY SIDE IS ON FIRE...



LATER-

THAT WAS A VERY BRAVE THING YOU DID, LAD-

HUH? OH--YEAH.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT ALLEY? I REMEMBER THE POSTER-SELF-HYPNOSIS? FOUGHT ON... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

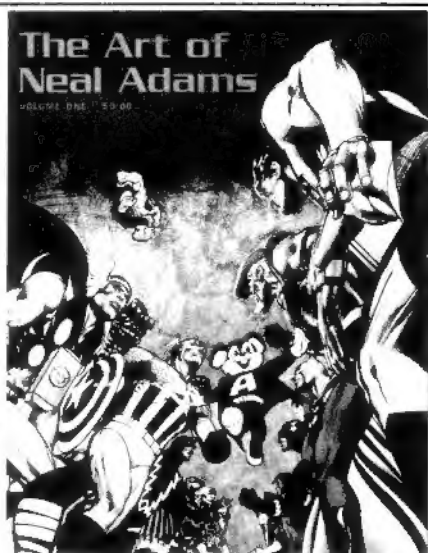
P ERHAPS IT ***WAS*** SELF-HYPNOSIS -OR AN ADRENALIN SURGE-OR THE WILL TO SURVIVE? ...LOGICAL ASSUMPTIONS. ONE THING - WHY IS THE USUALLY STERN-FACED BRUCE LEE ***SMILING*** ...? **END**

COMING SOON IN HOT STUF' — THE SCARECROW BY BIL MAHER!



## The Art of Neal Adams

PLATE ONE \$9.00



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